

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe" From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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MOTHER

Lord Illingsworth: All women become like their mothers. That is their tragedy. Mrs. Altonby: No man does. That is his. Oscar Wilde: A Woman of No Importance

Trivialia

VAST is the potter being made over the number of jobs a legislator may hold. The eruption of sentiment is quite as generous as though some major issue were at stake...

The political coloring is what seems to be stirring some folk up. They think the procedure is a deep republican plot to capture control of the lower house of the legislature...

Why not bring the debate back to the simple question of the undesirability of having members of the legislature holding appointive executive positions? Isn't the principle sound...

Of course, the smart thing for Gov. Martin to do is not to call a special session.

Kickers' Heels

THE statement which was put out over Ed Jory's name has a familiar ring. Jory didn't write it, and the internal evidence indicates that his ghost-writer is more concerned with politics than economy.

The dissident elements who backed Zimmerman for governor and were defeated last fall do not accept defeat. Instead they are active, hoping to effect Gov. Martin's downfall...

Unfortunately the governor has been intemperate and injudicious in his allusions to those who obstruct him. It does him no good to refer to these disaffected folk in contemptuous terms...

Those who thought that politics was adjourned with the election and that the state would have four years of peace, progress and prosperity did not reckon well. With all the political ferment around: Father Coughlin, Dr. Townsend, EPIC, Every-man-a-king...

Family Planting Experiment

WITH federal aid to the extent of \$75,000 some twenty-four families are to be located on a 500-acre tract of land in Mohawk valley, Lane county. Modern homes will be built on the tracts for the settlers, equipment furnished, and irrigation provided.

The project appears to be feasible. When it is realized that many men are now going out on small places without any such government subsidy and making a go of farming, earning a living for themselves and families, it would seem that carefully chosen farmers could succeed abundantly on the places the government has picked out.

Previous experiments in the "model farm" field have not been encouraging. Elwood Mead's land colonization schemes in California proved very costly. Oregon failed in its model farm enterprise. Washington tried reclamation of lands near White Bluffs for veterans after the war...

Ralph Hamilton has been made president of the Portland chamber of commerce. The selection will meet with approval of out-state folk who have very high regard for Hamilton. Ralph has lived in Eugene and in Bend, served in the legislature, became speaker, was acting governor a short while. He is familiar with Oregon needs...

The chain letter brigand who asked for hairs for a toupe should have addressed all his letters to Yakima or Camas where the villagers are practicing cruelty on the barbers by withholding from shaving for a spell. In a few days he could get from those towns the cream of the crop.

Circulation managers of the northwest are gathering at the Marion tonight for a two-day convention. At the initial dinner tonight there will be a liars' contest. If there are any managers there from before the days of Audit Bureau of Circulations they can tell tales that will make fishermen look like little George Washingtons.

President Roosevelt is off to a week-end of trout-fishing. From the names of his companions the fishing will be more in political than in trout streams.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

How modern is modernism applied to capitol, prisons, etcetera:

It is said that a man living in England near the beginning of the year 1700 committed suicide, because he had watched the progress of knowledge, discoveries and inventions—and there was nothing more to know.

So that, as there was no longer much interest in life, he might as well call it a day and ring off; as newspaper workers say, make it 30.

The Oregon state legislature of 1870 authorized the construction of permanent buildings at the penitentiary, temporary quarters having been provided on the present site and the inmates having been removed from the territorial penitentiary at Portland, arriving in Salem May 17, 18 or 19, 1868, after a two-day trip by boat.

In order to make certain that a suitable building and proper equipment be provided, the legislature resorted to what is now generally termed a brain trust.

The House Journal of the 1870 legislature showed that: "George H. Atkinson was employed to visit some of the western states, and to visit the prisons for the purpose of observing the best methods of building, and laying out the grounds, with the arrangement of industries, and all matters pertaining to the most approved modern penitentiaries."

George H. Atkinson was a prominent Congregational missionary, minister and educator. He arrived in Portland June 22, 1848, the year before Oregon was proclaimed a territory, and settled at Oregon City, where he served for 15 years as pastor of the Pioneer Congregational church; organized the Clackamas Female Seminary; there sided materially in firmly establishing Pacific University at Forest Grove, was pastor of the First Congregational church at Portland for a long time, etc., etc.

Rev. Atkinson was county school superintendent of Clackamas county one term, and of Multnomah county two terms. He made and wrote history. Was the chief speaker at the annual meeting of the Oregon Pioneer association at the state fair grounds in 1880, under the burden of his address having to do with the historic year of 1848 in Oregon and on this coast.

He was born in Massachusetts May 10, 1819, and died in Portland, Oct. 10, 1889. His widow wrote and published a thick book on his interesting life, the major portion of which was passed in Oregon.

But did Oregon get one of "the most approved modern penitentiaries" under the best methods of building and laying out the grounds, with arrangements of industries, and all matters pertaining to such an institution?

For that time, yes.

For the present time, no. The penitentiary that dates back to the brain trust of 1870-72, is about as much out of date as any in a so-called civilized country. (The construction work Rev. Atkinson as a sume dly recommended was completed in 1872.)

The fact is, there are, even yet, few all "modern" prisons in the United States, according to the ideals of modern penology—or in the world. The part of the Oregon prison that is left from the construction of 1870-72 is mainly some of the cell blocks. They were originally provided with no plumbing, nor adequate lighting, nor anything else now considered modern by competent penologists, to say nothing of decent.

As to the "arrangement of industries" in 1870-72, that would be considered a joke. Especially would it be so regarded by any prison executive of a southern state, where all the prisons are designed to be self-supporting, or much more, and where nearly all are—all, in fact but those of Texas.

This is true of Minnesota's penitentiary, and has been for over 30 years—and it is the goal of all "modern" ideals of penology.

All this is written mainly to indicate that neither was the beloved capitol that was burned on the night of April 25, modern.

For one thing, the lightning was bad. It could not be other than bad in a building designed like that one was.

For its day, that was a fine building, and an honest one. It was constructed at costs far below original estimates of architects. They put it at \$500,000.

Providing strictly what was included in the original plans, the actual money expended has been estimated to have been as low as \$325,000.

Has any other state capitol been built as most proportionately below the original estimate of cost? The best estimates of cost exceeding estimates the construction of some attended with shameful graft scandals.

DAYTON, May 11.—The Dayton Union high school student body has elected these officers: Tony Emmert, president; vice-president, Llewellyn Nutbroek; secretary, Rose Teague; treasurer, Dorothy Frank; editor, Marcelline Macy; athletic manager, Lawrence Hillig; sergeant at arms, Clifford Wirts.

Hesitate Before You Exchange This Planet for Any Other One

By D. H. TALMADGE

I reckon a human being might try living on a good many planets before he found one better suited to his natural requirements than this. This world meets all tastes, all moods. It gives us that which we desire—the worst or the best. Some worlds might not be so plentifully supplied with both the one and 't' other, so easily obtainable.

GOOD OLD WORLD! We do heaps of giving credit Where credit isn't due; We say of life's book we've read it, When we've but skimmed it through; By superficial signs we judge The people whom we meet; Our gait is but a limpy trudge, Which, strangely, we think fleet; But here and there through outer crust Shines forth sincerity, The sympathetic glow of trust, The warmth of verity.

Rip Timb has been marking down his cash receipts for 20 years with the same lead pencil. He figures he's used between a half and three-quarters of an inch of pencil since he began keeping books.

All worry is not off the same piece. Ma Tillman, back at Turkey River, was the only worrier in the family, and she listened to a heap of lecturing from pa and the other members of the family on the futility of it. But when ma died the family went haywire—if you know what I mean.

Venus and the moon appear to be hanging around together in the western sky these nights. Beautiful.

Do I know or do I know? I have no exact detail for the expression, which in one form or another we hear frequently, but I shudder pleasantly when I think of the bellow a certain oldtime newspaper editor in far-eastern America would have turned loose had someone popped such a question at him. Yes; in fact it would have been something like this: "Bing, bang, blinkety bang! Isn't it sufficiently difficult to use English which conveys the desired sense without wanton and blankety bang torture and distortion of the rules of grammar?" And so on until the humorist had made his escape.

There is slang that clarifies meaning and adds a pliancy to talk, and there is slang that does not.

F. L. Waters, erstwhile manager of Salem theatres (the Grand and the old Liberty and Wexford) drove down from Eugene Sunday, accompanied by Mrs. Waters. The sight of him revived a flock of pleasant memories in this old bosom—memories of the day when the motion pictures were beginning their first serious encroachment on the theatre—the beginning of the end for the road show mercantile establishment. And so on until the humorist had made his escape.

Their latter journey is like those of later autumn-tide, when they who in the town may chance to bide open the window for the balmy air, and, seeing the hazy blue of the fair, seem hopeful of a "music thinker." I am quoting a sort of way from a poem read long ago when my world was younger, and just at this moment I am thinking of the Methodist Old People's Home on Center street, where one night during the week of the Salem Woman's club sponsored a musical program. This blessed institution, which when I first knew it in 1910 was a dark and somewhat dingy frame building on Ferry street near 12th, has become in later years through the beneficent work of William Brown of eastern Oregon, who gave \$25,000 with the stipulation that the sum would not be available unless the Methodist women raised an equal sum—another institution which Salem folks point out with pride to their visiting friends. And they may also point with pride to the fact that the women raised their half of the required fund.

Salem is reported to have nearly 100 public eating places. Too many, we course. But a not unusual condition here a live low. Probably there is not a city in America, from New York down the line, which has not more public eating places and other business places than can be comfortably supported by the population. Some win and others fall. An old story. Not much of satisfaction in fishing a dry creek.

Twenty Years Ago

May 12, 1915 London.—The East End of London tonight. Veterans of the London anti-German riots arising from indignation over the sinking of the Lusitania and the air raid on South End early yesterday afternoon.

The advertising columns offer special excursion rates on the railroad to the San Francisco exposition.

Dr. H. S. McKenzie of Fossil appeals to Governor Withycombe to send State Veterinarian Lytle to the vicinity of Fossil immediately to look into an epidemic of rabies which has been attacking stock.

Ten Years Ago

May 12, 1925 Field Marshal Paul Von Hindenburg is induced into office as president of Germany amid great rejoicing of the German people.

The first flax grown in the Willamette valley was planted in Yamhill county by Albert Johnson in 1844. John H. McNary told the chamber of commerce in a luncheon talk.

Rev. Ward W. Long of the First Presbyterian church has accepted the pastorate of the Presbyterian church in Stockton, Calif.



D. H. TALMADGE

I passed up the circus Monday night in favor of the Junior Philharmonic orchestra concert at the armory, directed by that talented lad, Vernon Wiscarson. A grand performance, I thought, with a double appeal due to the tender years of a majority of the 70 performers. And I am glad they were timely and pertinent little speech during the intermission. Cities are what the dominating influences of the hearts and minds of their people cause them to be, and there are civic possibilities above and beyond the commonplace routine of living and buying and selling. Perhaps the Salt Lake man mentioned by Mr. Gaiser is right; perhaps Salem is, or is to be, "the cultural city of the west." It is a pleasant vision.

I met up with an old acquaintance from over yonder a day or two ago. He was limping slightly, and I asked him about it. "I've got me a rheumatism or something," said he, "that keeps one of my hind legs from sagashatin' the way it ought to do without hurtin'." I come to town to get me some rubbin' stuff like we been usin' in our family for years. The feller in the store where I went said the stuff I wanted wasn't no good. He had some other better, he said, but he didn't want to make it. I stomped out. But I slowed down at the door and told him 'twas my leg I was almin' to cure, not his'n. Then I went to another place, and the feller there said the stuff I wanted was the best darned stuff lately with a new mouthpiece, and if possible how lately. And you have another instrument—of the same type as this, is it?"

Monty told him it was the telephone removed from Violet Elderbank's bedroom. "Let me sketch for you a hypothetical case. You are my enemy and I am plotting murder." The manager smiled at him, not very mirthfully, "I wish to incriminate you," continued Monty. "I desire that your finger-prints shall be found at the scene of the crime. I have access to your home. I know that your telephone receiver, which you touch constantly, must have upon it numerous examples of your finger-records. The mouthpiece particularly, which you have touched many times in adjusting the instrument, must have your finger-prints on it."

"Ugly thought, but interesting," murmured the manager. "Very well. Within a few seconds' time I unscrow the mouthpiece of your telephone and quickly substitute another which I have had in my pocket. At the scene of the crime there is a telephone of similar type—not one of the new French phones."

"So! Had it been a French telephone scheme would not have worked—the mouthpiece, of course, being different." "But it did work, you think, in this instance?" "I am hoping you will prove that for me." "I'll do my best. Now let me have the serial numbers on the Elderbank phone."

"Here they are," said Monty. "Any I shall take along the mouthpiece of Thurber's telephone, if you do not mind. I must protect the finger-prints we found upon it. Photographs have been made, but it is better to preserve the original."

"I'll try to let you hear from me this afternoon, or tomorrow at the latest," promised the manager.

Davis School Closes After Half Century

SILVERTON HILLS, May 11.—After running for approximately 50 years without a halt, Davis school will take a vacation next fall. Six children attended this year and three of these will be graduated from the eighth grade. Only three remain and board members feel that this is an insupportable number, for which to conduct school. These three are Jollette Davis, Raymond Hall and Ray Elliot, will likely attend at either Evens Valley or at Porter.

TAKES BANK JOB

STAYTON, May 11.—Mrs. J. N. Fischer is now employed in the Liquidation department of the Bank of Stayton. She has also accepted another new position, that of secretary of Acacia chapter, Eastern Star, this position having been vacated by the removal of Mrs. Emma Brown to Redmond.



"The Cold Finger Curse" By Edwin Dial Torgerson

CHAPTER XXXIV

"Let me get this straight now." The manager, using a small screw-driver, dismantled the instrument before him as he talked, noting serial numbers as he encountered them. "You wish to know whether this telephone has been provided lately with a new mouthpiece, and if possible how lately. And you have another instrument—of the same type as this, is it?"

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"Ah, yes. We sold that. Only this morning. But the one which he has in the window now—Black Day on Bleeker Street, it is called—I really believe is more effective."

"But what I wanted was the Goldfish," said Monty regretfully. "Why didn't I come back before it was too late? May I ask whom you sold it to?—perhaps I may see the party."

"The proprietress frowned thoughtfully. "Why, it was a cash sale—I made it myself—but I don't believe he mentioned his name."

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players of chauffeurs by the name of Hitsu. At the first of the two addresses he had luck of a sort. At a hotel-apartment house on Central Park West there was supposed to live a Jacob Schurman who had employed through an agency, two weeks ago, a chauffeur called Hitsu. But Mr. Schurman had departed. He had been there under a transient arrangement. The superintendent and the telephone operator understood he had sailed for Europe, this day at noon. Evidently the Japanese servant had gone with him.

Monty's badge obtained him permission to look over the small suite recently vacated by Mr. Schurman. The rooms had been cleaned, and there was small likelihood he would find anything.

There was nothing, indeed, to reward Monty for his search of the rooms, with the exception of one item. In the dark corner of a clothes closet his flashlight picked out a glazed and rather heavily framed Worcester painting. The subject was a subject an academician might have lavished on a suspected Rembrandt. He was more interested, however, in the back of it than the face. He took it to a window, examined it by the back of a stiff brown paper, bound at the edges with broad strips of gummed adhesive paper. It was a large picture and its frame was deep and rather heavy for so fragile a subject as the goldfish.

Monty shook the picture and nothing rattled. Yet the unaided eye could tell that between the face of the picture, next the glass, and the back of it, there was a bunch of sticks. The detective inserted a knife blade beneath the adhesive paper on the back, and hesitated. He went to the bath-room of the departed Jacob Schurman, and examined the back of the hot water. It ran steaming within a minute—he could loosen the gummed paper by this method.

"No. Wait a minute—yes he did. What was it he called him? Something that suggested jin-jitsu. He called him—Hitsu. That was the name."

"A scholarly gentleman with gray spats and a chauffeur by the name of Hitsu. That may be right. But may I ask you, please, if you hear from him again, will you get his name and address?"

"Surely. It isn't a case of—stolen goods, or anything of the kind, is it?"

"Nothing like that," Monty gave her his name and thanked her. "He sought out a telephone booth at a corner cigar store and called McEniry again."

"You want a Japanese chauffeur named Hitsu, or a man who employs one by that name?" chuckled McEniry. "That's a swell lead, now, ain't it? Why don't you stick to soap and telephones, Monty?"

"The employment agencies," said Monty. "There, possibly, is the only chance. We change else. On canvasses—do it by telephone to save time. Where'll I call you if we have any luck?" "I am going home—to Mrs. Elderbank's home."

(To Be Continued)